

## Those Who Refuse To Die

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Category: Halo

Language: English

Characters: Carter-A259/Noble One, Emile-A239/Noble Four

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-03-30 02:08:24

Updated: 2012-03-30 02:08:24

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:49:49

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,147

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Noble Six survives the Elite attack and runs into a small pocket of Spartans. This is my first fan fic and I hope you like it!

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As Noble Six lie on his back, waiting to die, he caught a glimpse of what he hoped was the Pillar of Autumn. He realized that, as long as the cargo safely leaves the exosphere, he would not die in vain. Actually, the wounds weren't even that bad. He had managed to shoot the Zealot in the eye before the energy sword went too deep.

As of now, Tytus-209 was no longer an active member of Noble team. That's what the report would say. Keyes watched Six fight until he was no longer in view. Cortana assured Keyes that, even if he successfully defeated the elites, the chances of Six's survival were close to zero. And as far as Tytus was concerned, the rest of the team was gone as well. But the only appropriate time to mourn the fallen is when the fight is over, and it wasn't quite finished yet. So Six resolved to locate the bodies of Carter and Emile to confirm their deaths. Six stopped daydreaming and climbed to his feet. Lying on the ground all day would just make his armor dirtier. Although getting dirty was one of the last things a Spartan worry about, Tytus did not care for it.

Back in camp, when he was still a recruit, Tytus was a bit OCD when it came down to it. But no one really complained because he was good with technology. Kat wasn't the only techy on Noble team. This reminded him of why he got up in the first place. Emile's body was closest so he would start there. He wasn't going anywhere without his helmet, though. After sifting through the ever rising dust for about an hour, he finally found it.

"Damn" he sighed in disappointment. He stared at his EOD helmet in

disbelief. The whole left side of the visor was blacked out and there was a large gash above the eyebrow that stopped just under where the eye would be. He dusted off his short, jet black hair and put the helmet on. As soon as it was on securely, he was satisfied. It felt good to be back in action.

The feeling was fleeting though. He had a job to do, but first things first; health pack! His injuries weren't fatal but he looked like hell. He'd been cut, stabbed, and shot in several different places and he thought it would be best not to let too much dust get in the wounds.

He sewed up his cuts with remarkable precision which is ironic given that he is technically blind. In a mission before he was a Spartan, he was staring at a fuel tank out of boredom. From behind cover, a volley of needle shards rushed towards the tank. The last thing those blue eyes saw was a brilliant explosion of pink and orange. He was far enough away from it that no bodily damage was inflicted, however, the human eyes weren't meant for staring at things that were brighter than the sun. Tytus learned that the hard way, and now he has red eyes. You wouldn't know his eye color without knowing him personally. This is mostly because he rarely took his helmet off, as he currently sports his damaged helmet while returning to the MAC gun.

Oddly enough, Tytus noticed, the journey to the gun seemed longer than he had recalled. But he made there, eventually. He climbed the stairs that led to his fallen comrade holding a health pack in one hand and a pistol in the other, because no one could ever be too sure. Emile was the only Spartan up there so he wasn't hard to find. He did, however, moved a couple of feet away from where he was.

"Impressive" Tytus shouted, intentionally startling Noble four. "I'm surprised you're still alive. Are you going to make it?"

"What do you think" Emile replied sarcastically.

"That was a rhetorical question. Catch." Tytus tossed the health pack to Emile, who begrudgingly accepted.

"A spartan's job isn't done until the mission is done, and our mission is to survive."

"Ease up Six. Besides, Reach is glass in less than three months."

"Then it looks like we have three months to get off of this rock. But first, we have to find Carter. I'm not leaving without his tags."

The two Spartans arrived at the crash site after walking for two hours. Immediately, Tytus noticed that they weren't the only Spartans on reach, and Carter's body was missing. There was a considerable amount of dead bodies scattered, both UNSC and Covenant alike. Emile did what he does best and took a shotgun to the face of every alien that looked like it was still moving. In the meantime, Tytus focused on fixing his visor from left over armor. He changed the color of the visor to red in order for his armor to be color- coated. If you're going to kill people, at least look good doing it. His armor was black and crimson, in honor of his unit.

"Why didn't you just pick up a different helmet?" Emile prodded.

"Because this" Tytus motioned to the cut on his helmet, "is my souvenir. I do need to swap the rest of my armor though."

After a few minutes passed, Tytus was suited up and ready to go. He now had a tactical/patrol chest piece, CQC shoulders, and a tactical/tacpad. He had also collected the dog tags of the dead Spartans, well, the ones that weren't already taken.

"Where to now?" Emile puzzled.

"We follow the trail" Tytus said while storing the tags in his hard case.

"What trail" Emile asked sounding frustrated and looking around.

"That one." Tytus pointed to the blood trail on the ground. "Now let's move."

It didn't take long to get to where they were going. It led to a dark cave entrance. Unfortunately, night vision only works when there is light present, and the cave was darker than the deepest seas. Tytus lit a flare and threw it in the entrance to find about fourteen different Spartans staring at the both of them, and they looked at each other. Emile just shrugged and looked back at the crowd.

"You forgot some, Commander" Tytus said while pulling out the tags.

"Keep 'em, Six. They're your brothers, too. How'd you manage to find us anyway? I thought we were off the grid."

"This may be true, but you forgot to clean up the trail of blood that followed you."

"Hmph" Carter grunted in acknowledgement. "Now that you two are here, we can get back to business" he said while lighting a fire. "Welcome to Alpha Company."

End  
file.